

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 4. NO. 49.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1906.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Start Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

Department Store

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF

Dry Goods, Ladies' Wear, Gents' Furnishings, Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits, Children's Clothing, Hats and Caps, Stetson Hats, Hardware, Builders Hardware, Ship Chandlery, Logging Outfits, Wire Cables, Cutlery, Stoves, Cooking Utensils, Sporting Goods, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, Provisions, Groceries, Holly Flour, Reliance Canned Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Newspapers, Books, Periodicals, Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Crockery, Glassware, Jewelry, Curios, Postals, Photos and Supplies, Rubber Goods, Boots and Shoes, Agent for Eastman Kodak Co., Victor Gramophone Co., Washington and Mayer Shoes.

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Farquhar Matheson

Successor to F. W. CARLYON
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

WILL HAVE NEW LINE

Portland and Tacoma Combine
on Line for Southeastern
Alaska Run

(Skagway Alaskan)
Through apparently reliable channels comes the story that there will be a new line of steamers on the Southeastern Alaska run next year. The plan is to operate from Tacoma, and to make a specialty of handling Portland and Tacoma business. Portland and Tacoma business men are said to be behind the move.

It is said the new company proposes to use two steamers. The present plan is to make a combination with the Humboldt Steamship Company and to operate the Humboldt as one of the new liners. The other steamer, according to present intentions, will be the George W. Elder. Some of the promoters of the enterprise, it is said, are skeptical about the practicability of having the Elder as a running mate for the Humboldt. They claim that the Alaskan people now demand passenger steamers of the very best kind, and they fear the Elder is of too ancient origin and too soon risen from the bottom of the Columbia to permit of her making a proper impression upon the traveling public. It is asserted, however, that if the Elder shall be placed on the run, she will be repaired to meet whatever requirements the people may demand.

It is confidently expected that the Northern Pacific will make a low rate on through Alaska freight from Portland to Tacoma and the steamship company will absorb whatever it might be, giving Portland the same through rate to Alaska and Yukon points as that obtaining from Seattle and Vancouver. The plan is to have the new line in full operation before the beginning of the busy season of 1907.

ALASKA FAIR DIRECTORS

Governor Hoggatt has named the following persons as directors for the big fair in 1907:

Treadwell—H. P. Stow.
Douglas—P. H. Fox.
Juneau—B. M. Behrman, E. C. Russell.

Ketchikan—J. R. Heckman, J. W. Stedman.
Skagway—H. B. Dunn.
Sitka—W. P. Mills.
Valdez—S. Blum, E. O. Hazlett.
Seward.
Circle City—F. H. Grace.
Rampart—J. W. Duncan.
Fairbanks—E. M. Carr, Volney Richmond.

Ether—Clarence Berry.
Nome—Cabell Whitehead, Jafet Lindenberg, Dudley Dean.

Teller—W. T. Lopp.
Casadepega—Thomas R. Shepard.
Candle—Charles E. Horrom.
Council—E. R. Dunn.
Haines—R. A. Leonard.
St. Michael—A. L. Zipt.
Wrangell—N. L. Fay. Not!

Just why Wrangell should not be accorded a director is not explained, but where ignorance is blissful it's wise to be foolish. The other fellows, however, will probably calling around here for some of our totem poles and things.

DROWNED, WITHOUT DOUBT

Last week Commissioner Snyder raised a fund from donations of citizens to employ parties to go in search of Magnus Danielson, who left town in a small boat on the night of the 10th inst. for the cannery. W. E. Lloyd and Adolph Engstrom went out, and the second day found the boat of the missing man on Zarembo Island. When found, the boat showed rough usage on the rocks, it had been upside down, and when found, although right side up, nothing was in the boat. It is quite probable that "Maggie" had fallen out, and in attempting to get into the boat, had overturned it. That the unfortunate man drowned, there is no doubt.

Following is a statement of the fund raised to look for him:
Received from donations..... \$20 20
Paid out for gasoline..... \$11 25
" " supplies..... 1 95
Wm. E. Lloyd, two days 8 00
A. Engstrom, two days 8 00 \$29 20

The Wrangell sawmill is one of the busiest places in Alaska, and will remain so for several months to come, or until orders are filled. It will then shut down long enough to install a new carriage and make other necessary repairs and improvements. The box factory will be more conveniently arranged and some new machinery put in.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

IN THE FINE NEW BUILDING

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY COMING

BARGAINS

ALL THE TIME. SEE THEM!

Headquarters for Camping, Fishing, Prospecting
and Mining Outfits, Wrangell, Alaska

St. Michael Trading Company

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Agents for Hercules Powder and Union Gas Engine

Local and General

News Gathered With Pencil and Scissors, From Home and Neighboring Places

The Wrangell Drug Co.
Surveyor Whitfield returned on the Seattle from a trip north.

The Humboldt came in Monday, two days overdue from Seattle.

Inspector Terwilliger was a passenger north on the Humboldt.

Supt. of schools Kelly was a north passenger on the Humboldt.

Miss Georgia Cook returned from her trip to Ketchikan last week.

The Wrangell Boat and Machine Co. have just finished a new boat for Fred Willson.

Attorney L. R. Gillette of Juneau was a passenger on the Seattle for court at Ketchikan.

F. H. Magill has recently secured a judgment for \$450 against J. P. Jorgensen of Juneau, for towing logs with the Peerless.

Miss Camille Mueller, after visiting for two months with her sister, Mrs. H. C. DeVighe, took her departure on the City of Seattle for her home at Berkeley, California.

The Ketchikan Steamship Co., with the little steamer Alaskan, has succeeded in bringing the freight rate between Seattle and Ketchikan down to \$5.50 per ton. Oh, for some of that spirit in this town, Wrangell.

The last of the big game hunters came down the river, Saturday. This has been an exceptionally successful season for the hunters, as almost every party captured a full allowance of moose, caribou, sheep and goats.

The Wrangell Shingle Company have been handicapped by insufficient water power, and have recently bought a good skookum steam engine, which will be installed as soon as it arrives from Juneau. Charley Merrill was up during the week with a load of wood and shingles, and he told a reporter that the mill could not supply the demand that has been made upon it with the present power, but when the new engine got to running, the air would be filled with the finest of red cedar shingles for a radius of thirty miles.

Geo. Card was up from the camp over Sunday.

Friday last was the highest tide of the year 1906.

Marshall J. M. Shoup was a passenger for Ketchikan on the Seattle.

Fred Johnston returned on the Humboldt from a trip to Ketchikan.

S. L. Hogue, the enterprising Petersburg merchant, orders 5,000 statements from SENTINEL job office.

Frank Waterbury has been spending a well earned vacation over on the flats, and brings in some fine ducks.

The steamer Princess Victoria went aground on Fiddler's Reef, near Victoria October 17, and is said to be in a precarious condition.

The City of Seattle arrived down from the north, Monday, two days overdue. The delay was occasioned by stopping at Petersburg and Scow Bay to take on a lot of fish.

Hal McNair of Juneau recently received the sad news of the death of his mother at Versailles, Mo. He has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in his bereavement.

It is reported that the Canadian Pacific will bring freight to Alaska in American bottoms, and that they propose carrying mail, even though they have to do it for nothing.

A. J. Rastad, A. J. Anundson and T. J. Case will go to Skagway as jurors next month, and J. G. Grant, N. J. Svindestad and E. H. Lyons were drawn for the December term at Juneau.

Wednesday of last week the Ragnild came in from the Narrows to take the family and effects of Capt. I. M. Hofstad to Scow Bay, where the captain has established an industry, and where the family will make their future home. Wrangell people regret very much having them leave, as they were some of our best citizens, and will be missed from our town. Wrangell's loss is Scow Bay's gain. They left for their new home Friday.

The steamer Rustler sank at the dock in Juneau, recently. There is a mystery surrounding the sinking, as the vessel was in good condition.

The Mining Journal is boosting for a wood pulp mill at Ketchikan. There is room for several such mills in Alaska. We'll take one at Wrangell.

The people who have been in the mining districts of Yukon Territory are going out for the winter, almost every steamer having a full passenger list.

A social hop at the hotel, last Friday, was highly enjoyed.

Albert Couture returned last week from a trip to Skagway.

James Hurley is back in town again, after an absence of several months.

No coal in town! LATER—Johnny Grant got five tons on the Humboldt.

The Seattle carried north several bags of Wrangell mail on her last voyage, leaving it as she went south.

An unauthenticated rumor is current that the Alaska Steamship Company boats will call here regularly, and that they will carry mail.

K. J. Johansen has his icing house all fixed up on Reid's wharf. He will ship halibut and king salmon on ice to Seattle and other points.

Miss Carrie Spalding, who will be remembered by Wrangell people as having assisted Miss Longacre in giving concerts here a year or two ago, has gone to Europe to complete her musical education, having earned her expense money through her concert work in Alaska. Miss Longacre is now on a concert tour in the Orient.

Old Taku glacier has slid to the beach. Recent arrivals from the historic spot report Taku bay full of ice, trees and debris which were swept into the sea by the mad rush of millions of tons of glacier ice as it traveled with a mighty roar two miles to salt water. It is supposed that a lake formed under the glacier, and breaking loose assisted the defunct glacier in its journey for pastures new. Steamboat men have complained that the water near Taku is full of floating debris, and the source was a mystery until the Theims made a trip to the glacier and ascertained the truth. Had the slide happened during the sight-seeing months, there might have been a terrible accident to excursionists.—Dispatch.

The Island Printer for September has some examples of printers' mistakes: A bridegroom presented each of the bridesmaids with a pearl brooch. The printer got it, "The bridesmaids all wore handsome breeches, the gift of the bridegroom." A Mr. Avery married a Miss Small and the editor headed the article, "Avery-Small Wedding." The printer knew better, and he set it up, "A Very Small Wedding." The following was credited to the Philadelphia Press: "Got the job?" business cards done for Doc. Piller?" asked the editor, "Ya-as," replied his foreman, "It's done, but Hi made a little mistake settin it up. Mebbe Doc'll kick, but Hi reckon it ain't so fur wrong. Hi made it 'Prescriptions Carefully Confounded.'"

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Men who don't wish to be found out are careful not to be found in.

An Italian steamer uses licorice root for fuel. She ought to be renamed the "Young America."

It would be a godsend to the people of Central America if our canal strip included the entire isthmus.

The price of starch is said to have been doubled recently. Here is a case where the consumer gets it in the neck.

"Russia," says a paper, "has no national game." It seems that bomb-throwing does not come under the head of Sport.

England is discussing the closing of doors against the anarchist. The doors of the gaol, perhaps, with the anarchist inside.

It would be more or less interesting to know what a mosquito lives on when he isn't sucking the blood of some human being.

Russian bonds are lower now than they have been at any time since 1877. It is a wonder that there is any sale for them at any price.

Rojestvensky has resigned from the Russian navy. At least, he has resigned from the spot where the navy would be if Russia had one.

Speakers of "rights of prohibition," aren't they the kind W. C. T. U. has been trying to serve on the country for, lo, these many years?

A judge has decided that a woman need not tell her age on the witness stand. This will be sadly disappointing to the women who are not subpoenaed.

If King Leopold had not been called to a throne he might have won the distinction of being known as the John D. Rockefeller of Europe. Fate has a way of playing scurvy tricks on some of us.

A Texas man says he has visited New York twice and been robbed there just that many times. He might have saved himself time and trouble by forwarding the money in a registered package.

Castro, president of Venezuela, is known as "the little Napoleon of South America." We would feel nervous if we were in his place. Somehow the little Napoleons never seem to end in blazes of glory.

The courts have decided that H. H. Rogers must give up \$2,500,000 which he pocketed while he was acting as trustee of a gas company. If he would build a fence around himself and charge for the privilege of seeing him give it up he could confidently count on a large attendance.

The plan of naming battleships after States and of having them built in different parts of the country may help to destroy sectionalism, if any still lingers. For example, the new battleship Georgia, the fastest in the navy, was built in the old Pine Tree State; and Maine, because of the pride of craftsmanship, will watch the performance of the new ship with as much interest as the State whose name it bears.

President Castro of Venezuela has an original way of doing things. He left the capital in the spring, and announced that he had retired from the presidency for a while. The vice president, one of his partisans, performed some of the functions of the presidency. In the middle of June Castro let it be known that he would resume his office on July 5th. It would be difficult to imagine the American President taking a vacation and leaving the vice president to exercise his powers, even if the Constitution permitted such a surrender of duties.

It is said that some of the club women of New York complain of the way in which the parks of that city are littered up by parties of children. No doubt such complaints have been made, for there are dinky women everywhere, but we doubt if the whole burden of the attempt to block the childish fun should be laid at the door of the clubwomen, who are often the objects of unjust criticism. We should rather suspect that the idea originated with those denatured women, whether members of clubs or not, who sport dogs instead of children.

The great advance which has been made toward a realization of Cecil Rhodes' daring conception of the Cape to Cairo railroad is impressively dispelled by the recent announcement that the rail head had reached Broken Hill, in British Central Africa. The length of Africa from north to south along the line of the road is about 4,000 miles. The portion of the road now in actual operation is 2,016 miles long, but the distance remaining to be covered is even less than these figures seem to indicate, for railroad construction is going on southward from Egypt, and when the line from South Africa penetrates the Sudan it will make connections forming a continuous rail route across the continent. It is not many years since Africa was known as the dark continent. The re-

gion in which railroad construction is going on is that in which Livingstone labored and in which he died in 1873. At that time the idea that the next generation would see the locomotive in the heart of Africa would have been regarded as the dream of a madman.

At a time when charges of graft are made on every hand, when wrongdoing has come to be expected from every officeholder, when individuals long trusted and honored have been shown to be made of the commonest sort of clay, it is easy to become pessimistic and to see only evil in the path of the republic. The despondent are apt to be carried away by the storm, and even saner folk, warned of some impending curse by a prophet of ill, are swept from their moorings. At such a time it is refreshing and hope-inspiring to hear a clear voice telling of the good of life and calling to the down-hearted to cheer up and see the bright side of things. A notable instance of such optimism was President Angell's baccalaureate address at Ann Arbor, in which he said that the present reaction of indignation against the public iniquities which have been exposed has carried the great mass of the people to a moral height which seldom has been attained. The thoroughness with which mismanagement has been investigated, the determination which has been manifested to eradicate evils, the insistent demand for stricter laws of regulation, the dethronement of bosses who have held power for years, the scorn and contempt accorded to public men, long honored, who have been detected in unsavory business dealings—all show the moral soundness of the majority of the people of the country. "A more sane and wholesome state of public feeling has never been seen," are Mr. Angell's words. This suggestion opened the way for an appeal for enrollment of college graduates among those who are determined that right and honor shall prevail. On the one hand there is the temptation to get rich quickly by dubious means, perhaps, thus adding to the army of corruptionists and destroyers of society. On the other hand, there is the chance for an honorable career among the self-respecting and respected members of a community. In a striking sentence President Angell asserts: "The lawyer of fair ability, of industry, and of character is sure to be recognized in due time; the physician of intelligence, of fidelity to his patients, of pleasing address, and of good morals is certain to be in demand and to bind to him the families he serves by the dearest ties; the editor who loves veracity more than sensationalism, and purity in his columns more than the ill-gotten gains of salacious advertisements, is assured of influence in a decent community; the man on whom political office is thrust by his fellow citizens because of his intellectual and moral worth dwells in an atmosphere quite above the vulgar and nauseous temptations that captivate the professional office-seeker, and when he finishes his career leaves an honored name behind him." These things are true, and no opportunity ever presented itself to the aspiring more encouraging than that which is afforded right now, when the people, tired of exposures and frauds, weary of grafters and corruptionists, and themselves at heart all right, look for the honest and intelligent servant who will be right and do right. It has often been proved in the world's history that an era of seeming wholesale corruption was really, for the great mass of citizens, an age of virtue.

Flinds Agent Not Asleep.
A certain woman who wished to have some fun at the expense of an agent who had oftentimes solicited her to insure herself and family asked him on one occasion if he would insure the cat. The agent, to the astonishment and no small amusement of some friends, promptly offered to do so, provided she paid the first premium down. The woman, still thinking to hoax him, expressed her willingness to do so, and placed a shilling on the table. The agent quickly produced a proposal, filled it in and obtained her signature while those present were on the tip of expectancy as to what was to follow.

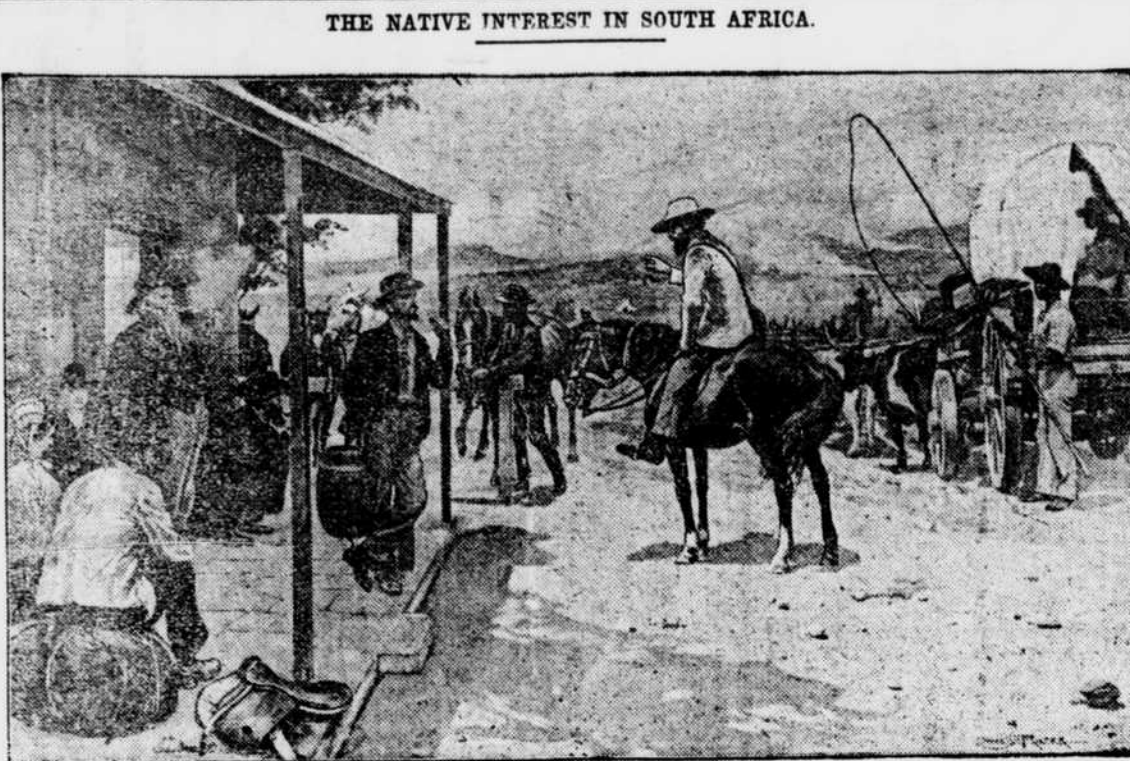
"Now, madam, with your permission, may I see the cat?"
"Certainly," she replied, at the same time pointing to a glass case which contained the stuffed remains of the poor defunct cat.

A chorus of derisive laughter burst from all present, but to their dismay the agent turned, bowed politely, at the same time picking up the shilling, and exclaimed:
"When the cat dies, madam, kindly call at our office and claim the insurance money."—London Telegraph.

Meeting of Extremes.
In a hunter's camp different men began to unfold their yarns. Among others a Kentuckian said he once shot a buck in such a way that the bullet, after hitting the right ear, passed through the heel of the right hind foot. Jeering and laughter greeted the story.
"Brown," called the Kentuckian to his companion, "tell these fellows if what I say is not as true as gospel!"
"Why, yes," replied the other, "I saw it myself. You see, gentlemen, when he pulled the trigger of his rifle, the buck was just scratching his head with his hoof."

Then he whispered to his friend:
"That was a narrow escape. Another time don't lie so far apart."—New York Times.

"That fellow," said a Missourian in speaking about a neighbor whom he does not like, "would get up at night and burn his own clothes to make a light to steal corn from a blind sow."



TREK BOERS DISCUSSING THE SITUATION IN A COUNTRY STORE.

The veldt on the Transvaal side of the Swaziland border is becoming rapidly congested with the flocks and herds of Boers who had intended to trek into Swaziland. The Boers are intensely interested in the recent unrest among the natives, as they see in the remission of their old severity toward the native the prospect of much trouble in the immediate future.

TRY IT!

In the green fields an' the town
Trouble makes us bow;
Hard to sing that trouble down,
But—try it, anyhow!

Any way the weather goes
Don't you feel forlorn;
Try to sing about a rose
And forget the thorn!

Sorrow's bound to come to all—
Be it late or soon;
But the very raindrops fall
With a dancin' tune!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A LITTLE THORN.

SOFTLY whistling a merry tune, he opened the front door and looked around. Where could Else be? Otherwise she was always standing in the open door awaiting his homecoming. He looked at his watch and smiled. It was half an hour earlier than usual.

In the sitting room was her embroidery and next to it an open letter in the handwriting of her mother. Mechanically he picked it up and read:

"I can hardly believe, dear Else, that you have been really married a whole month. That I often think of you, you know, but I have never confessed to you that I sometimes am a little worried, because I, after all, know so very little about Gustav's character and that only from what you have told me, and that occasionally I am a little afraid that you may not be perfectly happy. Do not misunderstand me. I do not doubt either your or Gustav's ability to make each other happy. But are you really and truly happy, my dear child? Don't you ever feel as if there were a little thorn which you would like to remove before it penetrates too deeply? Our happiness is very sensitive to such little thorns and if they are allowed to remain—"

Gustav dropped the letter on the table in amazement at what he had read. Thorns in their happiness! Were they not as happy as it was possible for two human beings to be? Oh, these mothers always are so prone to see ghosts in broad daylight.

He picked up the letter to finish reading it, but light steps were heard on the garden path and he saw his wife hurrying toward the house.

"She need not know that I have been reading her mother's letter," he thought. "Undoubtedly she will read it to me, and then we can talk it over," he thought as he put it down on the table again.

But all day he waited in vain for her to mention it. She never said a word about it until the next morning, when she said: "Oh, I forgot to tell you; I had a letter from home. Mother sends her love to you. They are all well at home. She asks me to send her some samples of worsteds."

"Was that all?"
"Yes; there was nothing else."
There it was, he thought. Where was now the thorn? For that there was one he no longer doubted, or she would have mentioned her mother's foolish worries.

Now he knew. Every day he examined the letters she gave him to mail, until he found one addressed to her mother. How heavy it was! And she had written so much without telling him a word.

When he came to his office he carefully opened the letter and read:
"You have no idea, dear mother, how often I have thought over your letter before I knew just what to answer. I will confess everything frankly so that you may perhaps help me to do everything to make Gustav happy."

which is wounded or my heart. If you will help me find where the thorn is I will do my best to remove it.

"You know that I have never known Gustav's mother. I am very sorry at this, because it would then be easier for me to talk with him about her. He very often speaks of her, and then I feel as if I shall never be able to do the things as she does them. Very often I feel as if I have fallen short of his expectations, and that he is not quite satisfied, because I manage the household affairs differently from the way his mother does. Whenever he wants to praise me he always says that I have done this or that just as his mother would have done it, and he expects that such praise shall make me feel happy. I wish it did."

"Answer my letter as soon as you can, dear mother, and have no fear that I shall not follow your advice. Gustav does not even know that I write you. I send you the worsted you asked me for—"

He read no further, but a feeling of sadness came over him. Poor, dear Else! She was quite right. He folded the letter together and put it in his pocket, determined that he himself would answer all Else's questions.

It was a beautiful summer evening. Else was sitting on the piazza with her embroidery, as he softly closed the gate behind him, that she should not hear him come. Then he tiptoed to the large bed of roses and broke off one little thorn, which he pressed in



PICKED IT UP AND READ.

under a fingernail before he walked up to the house.

"Good evening, darling!"
"Good evening, dear! You are early to-day. Now I will hurry up dinner, and we will have coffee out here."

While they were sipping their coffee she noticed that Gustav did not seem quite himself.

"Are you tired, dear?" she asked.
"No, love, but I have a pain in my finger, and I do not know what causes it."

"Let me look at it. Why, of course, you have got a splinter under that nail; but I shall soon get it out."

"Oh, no, dearest! Do not trouble yourself about it. It is nothing but a little thorn that will soon work itself out."

"The idea! Give me your finger right now. Such a little thorn might cause blood poisoning if you neglect it."

"Oh, nonsense, Else! Do you really believe that such a little thing could cause any harm? Look at me, Else, and tell me do you really believe that such a trifle might be dangerous?"

She looked at him in surprise. Then she suddenly blushed.

Could he mean something else? What did he know?
"Oh, Gustav!" she sobbed, and buried her face in her hands. You know—"

Instead of answering he took her into his arms.
"Else! Now be my own sensible little wife and tell me frankly what you mean. Confess everything and I also will confess."

your mother's. Forgive me that and all the rest; it was thoughtless on my part; I did not realize—"

"Oh, Gustav! and now you will never feel like talking to me of your mother and I should so like to know more about her."

"I understand you, dearest, and just for that reason I will talk even more of her, but in a different way, without always drawing comparisons. Will you be satisfied then? I will endeavor always to think of myself as your husband rather than as my mother's son and I thank you so much that you have made me see how I ought to be. And now will you please remove the little thorn, or better still, I will remove it myself, and in the future we will always remove the little thorns ourselves without asking mamma's help."

"Oh, Gustav, you do not know how I love you," she said, and kissed him, passionately.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HUDSON AND FULTON.

Great Nautical Pageant Planned to Celebrate Fugate Voyages.

The tendency of the age toward combination is illustrated in the decision to combine the observance of the 300th anniversary of Henry Hudson's voyage up the Hudson with the centennial of steam navigation, says the Boston Transcript. Hudson entered New York bay on Sept. 11, 1609, as commander of the Dutch ship Half Moon. Fulton's Clermont started on its initial trip Aug. 11, 1807. As it is proposed to have the celebration in the last week in September, 1909, it will not fall upon the anniversary of either event.

It is worth noting that Hudson was not the earliest navigator who ever entered the waters around Manhattan; neither was Fulton's the first steamboat. Verrazano, an Italian in the service of France, anchored in New York bay more than eighty years before the Half Moon's keel plowed its waves. It is probable that other explorers in the interval between Verrazano and Hudson were off the mouth of the great river. But Hudson was the first navigator to ascend the river and to make the land through which it flowed known to the world. Fulton's Clermont had several predecessors, but was the first steamboat to be a commercial success. Her trip from New York to Albany, 100 miles, under her own steam, in thirty-two hours, still remains one of the great events in the world's history. Fulton was a demonstrator rather than an inventor. The plan for the Hudson-Fulton observance includes a great nautical pageant on the Hudson. A fleet of models of the Half Moon and the Clermont are to go up the river as far as Albany, as the originals did in their time. It is a happy thought of the committee in charge of the celebration to invite Holland to contribute the model of the Half Moon. The Henry Hudson bridge and the Fulton viaduct will be permanent memories of those celebrities. We are glad to note that Hudson's name is given as Henry. Hendrik is the Dutch form, which Hudson never used. His contract with the Dutch East India Company was in English a few years ago, and throughout the document his name was written Henry.

They Needed the Money.

A freight steamer once came into Mariopol, a port on the sea of Azov, which had among its cargo 100 pieces of machinery numbered M. from 1 to 100. When the pieces were unloaded it was found that No. 87 was missing, but two pieces numbered 88 showed that there had been an error, the final tally being correct. But the custom officials did not take this view of the matter, the port being in need of funds, so they fined the ship 500 rubles for being short of cargo as per manifest, namely No. 87, and 1,000 rubles for smuggling—having two pieces numbered 88 when the manifest called for but one.—Caroline Lockhart, in Lippincott's.

After a woman knows the men real well, she regards any attempt to hold her hand as a desire to steal her rings. A man can do a lot of work after he appears to be all in.



"Hist, Johnny!" called the old gentleman to the little boy, as the latter edged toward the parlor door. "Come here, son."

The little boy stopped and looked back doubtfully.

"I want you," said the old gentleman. "What do you suppose I've got in my pocket?"

The little boy approached slowly. "What have you got?" he asked.

"Come here and I'll show you. Closer yet. Now, I've got you, you scamp! Where were you going?"

"What you got in your pocket?" asked the little boy.

"I'll tell you after a while, but you answer my question first. Where were you going? Well, if you won't tell I'll have to tell you. You were going into the parlor and I think I heard your dear mother tell you that you were to stay out. Didn't I?"

"Aw, she won't care."

"I don't think you quite believe that yourself, so how do you expect me to believe it? Suppose we go and ask her? No? Very well, then. Now, what were you going into the parlor for? To see Mr. Pilmy? I thought so. You like Mr. Pilmy, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"And you think Mr. Pilmy likes you. Yes, I know you do. You've got an idea that he's wondering now why you don't come in and get up in the chair behind him and rumple his hair and straddle his neck and crush that nice high shiny collar that he's wearing. You think he wants to ride you on his knees and make you turn apple pies between his legs. You are firmly convinced in your own mind that he wants you to ask him a few hundred questions on various subjects, mostly personal. Well, he doesn't, Johnny. I don't like to hurt your feelings, but I feel quite sure that the more you stay out the better he'll be pleased. Your big sister is a pretty good single-handed entertainer when it comes to Mr. Pilmy. She can take care of him and keep him interested without any of your help. Believe me, sonny. What I say, is the pure, unadulterated truth. You never knew me to tell fibs, did you?"

"You said you had something in your pocket."

"Very true. I did say something of that sort. Well, I have. I've got the nicest bright, shiny key ring you ever saw. I'll let you jingle the keys on it some of these fine sunny days if you are a good boy right along and do exactly what you are told and don't get into mischief. Johnny, Mr. Pilmy is a fraud."

"He isn't either. He gave me a nickel the last time he was here. He often gives me nickels."

"I know it. And he rides you on his knee and lets you clamber up on his back and he talks nicely to you and never spansks you. Because he does these things you think he likes you. But I tell you he's a fraud. You'll find him out one of these days. He smiles at you with murder in his heart, and if you went in there now he'd be likely

all of a sudden to break out foaming at the mouth and bite you."

"He wouldn't either," asserted the little boy.

"Do you suppose your mother would tell you to keep away from the parlor if she wasn't afraid of that very thing? She knows. She doesn't want her dear little boy all chewed up."

"Why doesn't he bite sister?"

"Well, she's big, of course, and she could bite back. Anyway, don't you trust him. Don't trust to appearances. He may look harmless; I think he does, myself, but I wouldn't butt in on him nevertheless. I've known lots of people just like Mr. Pilmy. I've met them and talked to them and they act as if they were tickled to death to have me around, and they've given me nickels and taffy and let me climb all over 'em, but there nearly always came a time when I'd get bit. It's a wicked world, Johnny, my boy. It takes us a long while to learn to keep out of the parlor."

"I don't care. I know he wouldn't bite me."

"Yes, you're relying on your pretty little winning ways. You know what a sweet infant you are. You know that your mother is fond of you and that I love you and would share my last key ring with you; but Mr. Pilmy isn't one of the family—not yet?"

"Will he be?"

"Not if you don't keep out of the parlor. I know that because when I was Mr. Pilmy's age I once visited at a house where there was a boy just about your age, and I might have been one of the family and you might have been too, if it hadn't been for that boy. You're going to ask me if I bit him, I suppose. I did. I wouldn't have, though, if he hadn't come into the parlor where I was talking with another member of the family. Now, you needn't ask any more questions, because I'm not going to answer them. All you have to do is to keep out of Mr. Pilmy's way and you won't get hurt. Always do what your father and mother tell you, and what I tell you particularly, and you'll be all right."

"I'm going to tell in your pocket," said the little boy.

"Take care, now, or you'll burst the sack," cautioned the old gentleman. "Don't muss yourself all up with it. Just take out one and put it in your mouth and let it dissolve gently and easily. That's the way to take your pleasures. They last longer and they don't have the disastrous effects they do if you wolf them down. Johnny, if you'd only take to heart the moral lessons I am always supplying you'd grow up to be a great man. But I see you're not going to. Aren't you going to save any of that candy for your little play-mate?"

"Uh-huh," replied the little boy, shaking his head. "He doesn't like chocolates—at least. He don't think he does. I can't 'member seeing him eat any. When can I go into the parlor, grandpa?"

"Let's give 'em about three weeks," suggested the old gentleman. "If nothing happens in three weeks' time I'll turn you loose on him."—Chicago Daily News.

A SKIPPER'S WOOLING.

The captain of a clipper-ship in the old days of the China tea trade had little leisure time to spend on shore. His ship was in and out again as fast as it could be unloaded, and if he had not a wife when he went out to sea, his wooling of one was apt to be a hurried affair. That was the experience of the captain of the Houqua as he gives it in his "Recollections."

"Charley," said one of his brothers, when he came to port one trip, "why don't you get married? There is a fine girl for you up in South Danvers—Miss D.—the handsomest in town."

Charley had been thinking of something of that sort himself, so he started for South Danvers post-haste.

"I was invited to a party the evening after my arrival," he says, "to meet Miss D. I did not take to her at all, although she was handsome. I was invited to several parties, and at one of them some young ladies were asked to sing. One made this excuse, one that, until at last the request was passed to a very prim, black-eyed girl, who made no excuse at all, but without a word of affectation went to the piano and played and sang as long as they wanted her to. As soon as I heard her voice I went and leaned over the piano, and I was a goner. I said to myself, 'That is the girl for me.'"

"I ate a philopena with her, and after the party I went back to the hotel and was happy. Next morning I went to see her to philopena her, but she opened the door and was too smart for me, and philopened me—just what I wanted her to do."

"I had hired a horse and green chaise, and I asked her to go and take a ride. We soon had her mother's consent, and off we went."

"Where we went I do not know, but we must have driven fifteen or twenty miles, and I had never driven a horse before. But I did finely. When we

got back to the house her cousin was there, and I got him to hold the horse until we got out, as I was rather uncertain about how to bring a team to anchor.

"There is not much more to say. I was very happy and forgot all about my ship and that I was captain of one, and had got to leave my beloved, until I was rudely awakened by a letter telling me my ship was almost ready for sea."

"I had then known the young lady six days or a week. I proposed and was accepted, started at once for New York, and arrived home in Brooklyn, to find mother sitting up for me."

"Charles," she cried, "where have you been?"

"I have been getting engaged," I replied. Next morning I reported on board ship, and when I came back from that trip we were married."

Nothing Unusual.

Two neighbors were confiding their troubles to each other over the backyard fence that separated their premises.

"You know," said Mrs. Higgins, "that my husband is a carpenter?"

"Yes."

"Well, I give you my word that all our up-stairs rooms are unfinished, and the roof leaks whenever it rains, and I can't get Henry to do a thing to 'em!"

"You're not any worse off than I am," said Mrs. Clineham. "You know my husband used to be a fireman on a locomotive?"

"Yes."

"Well, just as true as I stand here, I always have to get up in the morning and make the fire!"

Enjoyment of Nature.

Mrs. Newrich walking in the country. "Here, Hubby, here's a four-leaf clover for you!"
"Oh, my dear! Leave that there for the poor people!"—Flegende Blätter.

Misery loves the kind of company that will listen to a hard-luck story,

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If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

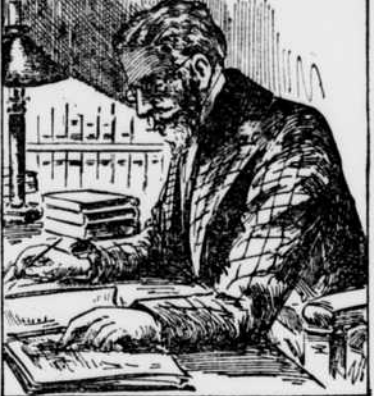
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S. N. U. No. 36-1906.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1130—Alphonso I. vanquished Moors at battle of Aurique.

1261—Constantinople taken by Michael; end of Latin empire.

1364—English, under Edward II., captured city of Caen, in France.

1419—Town hall of Prague taken by the Hussites; Hussite war.

1540—Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, beheaded on Tower hill.

1554—Marriage of Philip of Spain and Mary of England.

1565—Mary, Queen of Scots, married Lord Darnley.

1603—King James and his Queen crowned at Westminster.

1676—Battle of Bridgewater, Mass.; King Philip's war.

1706—Legislative union of England and Scotland completed.

1750—English took Fort Ticonderoga from the French....Fort Niagara, New York, surrendered to Sir William Johnson.

1789—Pittsburgh Gazette, first newspaper west of Alleghenies, appeared.

1794—Robespierre and seventy-one others guillotined in Paris....End of the reign of terror in Paris.

1821—Peru issued declaration of independence.

1830—Charles X. of France suspended liberty of the press....War of the barricades in Paris began.

1852—Steamboat Henry Clay wrecked on Hudson river; 26 lives lost.

1854—Yellow fever becomes epidemic at New Orleans.

1856—Several lives lost and many homeless by fire in Boston.

1858—Third attempt to lay Atlantic cable commences in midocean.

1861—Gen. George B. McClellan took command of the Army of the Potomac.

1892—Ship Golden Gate lost on Mexican coast; 204 lives lost.

1893—Surrender of Morgan, the guerrilla leader, at New Lisbon, Ohio.

1894—Chambersburg, Pa., burned by Confederates.

1898—Wyoming territory formed by act of Congress....Fourteenth amendment to Constitution of United States declared in force....Alaska organized as a territory.

1871—Boiler explosion on ferryboat Westfield in New York harbor; over 100 perished.

1873—Serious fire at Portland, Oregon.

1874—Many lives lost in floods at Pittsburgh, Pa.

1880—Revolt in City of Mexico to prevent installation of Gen. Gonzales as president.

1884—Henry M. Stanley arrived in England from exploring tour in Africa.

1894—War declared between China and Japan....Japanese victorious at battle of Song-Hwan, Korea.

1898—Ponce, Porto Rico, taken by United States troops....Ambassador Cambon opened negotiations for peace between Spain and United States....President McKinley transmitted terms of peace to Spain.

1899—Heureaux, president of Santo Domingo, killed.

1901—Battle of Maine launched at Philadelphia.

1904—Nechung evacuated by Russians....Von Plehve, Russian minister of the interior, assassinated....England demanded indemnity from Russia.

Missed the Whip.

When the summer resident offered to show his new automobile to Uncle Ephraim Dodge of Cyrusville, and explain all the workings of the machine, his offer was promptly accepted.

The old man's face wore its most impassive look as he listened to the explanations and descriptions of the various details; he felt of handles and levers, wheels and boxes as he was requested to do; lay flat to investigate the workings of mysteries under the vehicle; bent double and squinted at half-hidden gearing, and put his foot in several designated places.

At last the inspection was over, and the owner, flushed and full of pride, waited for Uncle Ephraim to speak.

"Going to run that up here, be ye?" inquired the old man, after a silence.

"Yes, indeed, these roads are all right for it," said the owner.

"Um-m!" and Uncle Ephraim stroked his beard reflectively. "Well, how do you suppose to get red o' the boys that'll be on the back o' your wagon, sir? Strikes me there's a considerable of a lack that way."

Hereditary Resemblance.

"What you chilun been doin'?"

"We ain't been doin' nuthin'."

"Deah me! You grow moah like youn pa every day."—Indianapolis News.

Received Merciful Treatment.

Poet—I want you to know, sir, that this poem cost me a week's hard labor.

Editor—The judge certainly tempered justice with mercy.—Boston Transcript.

BOYHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.

High up on a shelf in the pantry it stood—

In fancy I see it again—

A remedy certain to do much good.

Though fraught with incredible pain.

There is nothing in all of the various

ills,

That mortals are called to endure.

From a sty or a stone bruise to fever and

chills,

That it wasn't expected to cure.

Its flavor was that of some lake down be-

low.

That the lips kept eternally hot.

If outwardly used in two minutes 'twould

show

A blister, more likely than not:

And when, like a martyr who yields to de-

spair,

You weakened and uttered a yell,

The folks would approvingly nod and de-

clare

"That's a sign it is making him well."

Though I long for the moments of inno-

cent glee

That only a child can enjoy,

I always think twice before yearning to

be

A careless and frolicsome boy.

Though life's serious cares cause full

many an ache.

And hope only leads to dismay,

I'd rather face all such distress than take

One dose from that bottle today.

—Washington Star.

NOT ON THE MENU.

TRAVERS sat alone at a little table

in a corner of the cafe. The

continual hum and murmur of

low-pitched voices, all the interminable

sounds of the restaurant surrounded

him, but he sat quite still, with his chin

resting in his hands, staring at the

empty chair opposite to him. The sight

of pretty women, well-groomed men, all

the bright, lively scene around him did

not entice him from his reverie even for

a moment. At last Travers nervously

drained the cup to the last drop, and

then, wearily passing his hand

across his forehead, he assumed his former

attitude. Dreamily he fixed his

eyes on the vacant chair, and then began

talking in a sort of breathless whis-

per, as if to some one seated therein:

"Nannie, Nannie, it's so good to see

you again. Let's see, it's been three

years, almost, since that last time when

—but we won't think of that now, we'll

just be happy. Tell me, is your life

happy, is he good to you? If he isn't—

Oh, if I had only cared less what peo-

ple might say, if I could have forgotten

my miserable pride, we'd have run off

some place and been married in spite

of your uncle and his money, wouldn't

we? Yes, I know. I saw it in your

eyes, all that last evening, that you'd

have gone anywhere with me, and then,

when I asked you if it was really true,

do you remember what your answer?

Yes, of course you do. But you were

brave, and I—I was a poor coward—

but it wasn't all my fault. No; there

was your mother, always talking about

what fine opportunities you had, now

that you had been made heir to such a

fortune. And then Saunders came

along, with his yacht and his automob-

iles—and anybody could see he was

awfully in love with you, and—well, I

either had to stop loving you myself or

go, and so I came away. But I haven't

made quite a failure out of my life.

No, Nannie, little girl, not quite. You

see, at first, I didn't care much what

happened, but then—I got to thinking

how you would expect things of me, and

so I took a grip of myself and

pitched in, struck my gait somehow,

and had luck, too—maybe you've heard

of me—I wonder if you ever think of—

but you must be very happy, with every-

thing done to make you go, and every

CATCHING YOUNG FOXES.

Hunters Buy Cubs from Boys, Raise

Them and Turn Them Loose.

The eastern part of North Carolina

teems with gray foxes, and any alert

boy can make from \$1 to \$25 a day

catching them and selling them to the

hunters in this section of the State,

according to a writer in the Charlotte

Observer.

"How do they catch them?" was

asked.

"That is easy; the old fox deposits

her babies in a hollow log or a stump,

and an old dog will find them for the

hunter. Once they are located they are

watched until large enough to take

away from the mother, and then they

are removed to the home of the man

who ships them. A little fox will eat

anything that a young dog will, but he

prefers raw meats and rats. When

about the size of a house cat they are

sent to the man who would have them

increase in his section of the State.

They are kept until blackberries are

ripe, and then turned loose in some

thicket, where they can forage for

themselves."

"What about your neighbors' chick-

ens?"

"A fox that eats chickens should be

killed, for he is an exception to the

rule. He is like a suck-egg dog, once

he gets a taste of chicken he will al-

ways have it, and the desire for bar-

ren poultry is so great that he cannot

restrain himself. There are ten foxes

to one that never visit a poultry pen.

The sweetest morsel to the fox is a

ground rat, these little fellows that

make paths in the grass and destroy

birds' eggs. When the foxes were plen-

tiful in this country we had partridges

in great abundance, but now that fine

little game bird has almost disappeared

from certain sections. The ground rat

is largely responsible. When the fox

passed on to other regions, where he

finds it more congenial, the rat family

multiplied. Any observant farmer will

tell you this. I have turned about sev-

enty young foxes loose in this country

within the last three years, and if any

of them ate chickens I have never

heard of it; they had fine, fat rats to

feed upon. I have made a rule not to

turn too many loose in the same ter-

ritory. If reds, they do better scattered

one or two in a place.

"This thing of buying young foxes in

the east and turning them loose here is

all right. The little fellows are cared

for and watched until all of the cotton

is out, and then chased, most of the

running being done after Christmas.

The fox is given a chance."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the

diseased portion of the ear. There is only one

way to cure deafness, and that is by constitu-

tional remedies. Deafness is caused by an in-

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1906.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. V. R. SNYDER & SON

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

MANAGER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

PARTY LOYALTY

Recent general elections have demonstrated an increasing disposition on the part of voters to follow their own inclinations rather than the dictate of party influence. The growth of independent voting is a gratifying sign of the times, as denoting that voters are asserting the prerogative of thinking for themselves. It is a symptom, however, that the time is at hand when the soundness of our civil education and of our national capacity is likely to be put to the test, in view of which fact it is well to remember that while thousands of independent voters represent the advance guard of reform, there are thousands who represent the worst forces that menace our most cherished institutions.

The tendency of independent voting is to break away from the restraints of laudable party tradition and of the sober counsel of honest men who realize that future good is the result of present unity; to follow the allurements of flattery and the promise of immediate political reward. Neither personal pique, or prospect of personal advantage should influence party members to assume the responsibility of breaking party faith.

TO ABOLISH REBATES

The gross revenues of the railroads approximate two thousand million dollars a year, or about triple the revenues of the federal government. In theory the rate problem is a simple one, involving a reasonable charge for transportation service performed, governed by the cost of operating expenses and an equitable return upon capital invested. In practice, however, the rate question has become a great problem caused by the pressure of the big shipper, for a lower rate than is given the little shipper, and this arrangement has developed a perfectly normal principle of progression by which the big shipper has grown bigger and more insistent in his demands, to the increasing disadvantage of the smaller shipper.

The evil effect of this condition in giving added power to combinations of capital is obvious and thus far the government has aided rather than hindered the situation.

There is little doubt that the railroads desire to be rid of the rebate incubus, which is virtually a tax upon earned revenues, and if the government really expects to exert an effective power over the rebate evil, it can best succeed by uniting with the railroads in repressive methods.

TO RAISE LOBSTERS

The federal government is seriously considering the advisability of attempting the propagation of lobsters on the Pacific coast, but has not yet settled upon a location for the experiments. There is considerable talk, however, that an experiment station will be established on Puget sound and a determined effort made to induce the shellfish to thrive on this coast.

The Atlantic coast has had a monopoly of the lobster business and they have worked it so hard that from being one of the most common denizens of the deep, the lobster has risen to an importance that makes him one of the expensive luxuries. If the government is going to make an effort to save the lobster from extermination, it is hard to understand why Puget Sound should be selected for the artificial propagation. Southeastern Alaska offers immeasurably better opportunities for artificial propagation than any other part of the Pacific coast. The authorities should select places where they would be sure that there would be no poaching on the lobster reserve, and the natural surroundings, through lack of contaminating influences, would give assurance that the transplanted crustacean would have practically the same elements of his native habitat.—Dispatch.

With a grand rush and roar the gorgeous old Taku glacier recently ended its days by sliding into the warmer waters of Taku Bay, and will be seen no more except as preserved upon the sensitized paper of the photographer or kodak fiend. Rapidly are these magnificent relics of the glacial period diminishing, soon to be forever gone from the inspired gaze of man. But with their disappearance will come a period of warmer climate in Alaska, which will redound to her betterment in that it will make of this country one of the producers of those things upon which man depends chiefly for subsistence. History and science have proven that the temperature is affected by these great masses of ice to an enormous degree, and the countries from which they disappeared earliest are now warm and pleasant. As time goes on the warm currents of water and air passing from the tropics are causing the disintegration of this ice which has laid for untold thousands of years, and within a comparatively few years from this time nothing will remain of them but history. While there will be glaciers here for hundreds of years to come, it behooves all those who would see the remaining few in the height of their magnificence and grandeur to avail themselves of the first opportunity for a trip to Alaska, the scenic paradise.

As stated in a Juneau paper, recently, if there was less wine and women on the passenger steamers plying in Alaskan waters, the loss of life and property by shipwreck would be noticeably reduced, and the recent disappearance of a man from Wrangell and the subsequent finding of his overturned boat on a neighboring island, forcibly demonstrates the fact that navigating Alaskan waters in a small boat is not the proper thing for a person who has been indulging in the "cup that cheers". The treacherous tides and counter currents of Alaska are very bad at best, and no person who is not in complete possession of all his faculties should attempt their navigation. For the regulation of passenger vessels, stringent laws abolishing drunken pilots and sea captains should be enacted and enforced to the letter. Those whose business takes them down to the sea in small boats should profit by such examples as the recent local tragedy offers.

The whalers of the Arctic ocean, who for years past have been in the habit of curing sick sailors by kicking their teeth out, splitting their heads open with strongbacks, capstan bars and other heavy instruments and stringing them up by the thumbs are liable to adopt a new form of medical practice that is more in conformity with the instincts of humanity. The local district attorney's office has taken a hand in the game, and it looks as though Mr. Landers, the first assistant in the case, who has been delving into the matter, holds a very strong hand. Justice may be somewhat slow, but it is tolerably certain.—Nome Gold Digger.

Blotters, one cent each at this office.

Once again we note a change in the management of the affairs of the Juneau Record-Miner, H. W. Robinson having lately succeeded Mr. Taylor, who will bend all his energies toward the success of the Alaska Magazine. While Mr. Taylor had the paper, he gave the people the best the market afforded in his line, but conducting a daily newspaper is a task of itself, and to get up a creditable monthly magazine is another. Best wishes to Mr. Taylor and his magazine. Mr. Robinson is a newspaper man from to'e'sle to rudder, and you can bet you last peanut that he will make things hum if he has half a chance. Here's a health to the Record-Miner under its new management!

The rapidly increasing Alaskan trade is making wholesalers and steamship people begin to sit up and take notice. It is said that every cloud has a silver lining, and it may be that such a lining may be forming on the cloud of high freight rates and poor mail service which has darkened Alaska for so long a time.

Juneau has a curfew ordinance, and the effect is remarked by passengers on boats that arrive there after 8 o'clock at night, there being a conspicuous absence of "kids" of all ages on the wharves. There are other towns that need such an ordinance, and Wrangell is one of the towns referred to.

Cale and Waskey are both in favor of a territorial form of government, and express their determination to work for it tooth and nail. Amendments to certain existing mining laws, a lighthouse station at Ketchikan, and two additional land offices will also receive their early attention.

A United States Senator is a great and noble animal, but when the people tell him to lie down and roll over, he is a wise dog that does as he is told. When the people begin to wobble, right then is a good time for the graft senator to hunt a soft grass plot.

In the United States District Court for the District of Alaska, Division No. 1.

G. E. Rodman, plaintiff

Petra Rodman, defendant

SUMMONS

To Petra Rodman, defendant, greeting:

In the name of the United States of America, you are hereby commanded to be and appear in the above entitled court, holden at Ketchikan in said division of said district and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action within thirty days from the date of the service of this summons and a copy of the said complaint upon you, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, a copy of which is served herewith; that is to say to have the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant annulled, and a decree of absolute divorce granted plaintiff herein.

The date of the order for service of this summons by publication is October 15, 1906; and said defendant is required to answer said complaint within thirty days from November 29, 1906.

And you, the United States Marshal of Division No. 1 of the District of Alaska, or any deputy, are hereby required to make service of this summons upon the said defendant and each of them as by law required and you will make due return hereof to the clerk of the court within forty days from the date of delivery to you with an indorsement hereon of your doing in the premises.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the above court this 19th day of September A. D. 1906.

C. C. PAGE, Clerk.

Ey D. C. Abrams, Deputy.

First, Oct. 18; last, Nov. 20, 1906.

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MINERAL APPLICATION NO. 114

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Juneau, Alaska, September 19, 1906.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of the act of congress approved May 10, 1872, and of the acts amendatory of and supplemental thereto, Charles E. Nason, whose postoffice address is Shakan, Alaska, for and on behalf of the Alaska Marble Company, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Maine, and duly qualified under the former corporation laws for Alaska, as agent and attorney in fact, a stockholder and general superintendent thereof, has made application for U. S. Patent upon the

LOG CABIN NO. 2 PLACER CLAIM

containing 157.699 acres and situate in the Ketchikan Mining District, Territory of Alaska, and described in the official plat herewith posted, and by the field notes on file in the office of the Register of the U. S. Land Office in and for the Juneau Land District, Alaska, as follows, viz:

Beginning at location corner No. 1, the Log Cabin No. 2 Placer, on the shore of Shakan Bay, whence U. S. Location Monument No. 5 bears south 12 deg. 47 min. east, 8087.56 feet distant, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. diameter, marked 1-S-701;

Thence N. 37 deg. 21 min. E. var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Shakan Bay, 617.94 ft. to location corner No. 2, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 2-S-701;

Thence N. 36 deg. 19 min. W., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Shakan Bay, 424.20 ft. to location corner No. 3, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 3-S-701;

Thence N. 19 deg. 02 min. W., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Shakan Bay, 715.87 ft. to location corner No. 4, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 4-S-701;

Thence N. 75 deg. 02 min. W., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Shakan Bay, 622.06 ft. to location corner No. 5, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 5-S-701;

Thence N. 32 deg. 21 min. W., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Shakan Bay, 368.88 ft. to location corner No. 6, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 6-S-701;

Thence N. 27 deg. 24 min. E., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Shakan Bay, 330.40 ft. to location corner No. 7, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 7-S-701;

Thence N. 79 deg. 30 min. E., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Marble Creek Bay, 635 ft. to location corner No. 8, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 8-S-701;

Thence S. 66 deg. 30 min. E., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Marble Creek Bay, 133 ft. to location corner No. 9, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 9-S-701;

Thence S. 88 deg. 11 min. E., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along meander line of Marble Creek Bay, 550.00 ft. to center of tramway 12 ft. wide, 1439.81 ft. to location corner No. 10 on line 2-1, claim No. 7, S. No. 542, from which corner No. 2, S. No. 542 bears north 42 ft. distant, said corner No. 10 being an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 10-S-701;

Thence South, var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along line 2-1, claim No. 7, S. No. 542, 120 ft. to center of tramway 12 ft. wide, 558 feet to location corner No. 11 this survey, identical with corner No. 1, S. 542, said location corner No. 11 being an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 11-S-701;

Thence N. 77 deg. 49 min. E., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along line 1-4, claim No. 7, S. No. 542, the course of which is erroneously given in that survey as N. 75 deg. 20 min. E. 1125 feet, from which N. W. end of open marble cut bears S. 24 ft. distant, 1140 ft. to center of tramway 12 ft. wide, 1482.00 ft. to corner No. 4, S. No. 542, 1511 ft. to location corner No. 12, said survey, identical with corner No. 2, Log Cabin Claim No. 7, unsurveyed, said location corner No. 12 being an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 12-S-701;

Thence South, var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., along line 2-1 Log Cabin Claim No. 7, unsurveyed, 695 ft. to N. end open marble cut, 1200 feet to location corner No. 13 this survey, identical with corner No. 1, Log Cabin Claim No. 7, unsurveyed, said location corner No. 13 being an iron pipe 4 feet long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 13-S-701;

Thence N. 78 deg. 20 min. E., var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., 699 feet to location corner No. 14 this survey, identical with corner No. 2, Log Cabin Claim No. 6, unsurveyed, an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 in. in diameter, marked 14-S-701;

Thence south, var. 30 deg. 00 min. E., 250 ft. to top of ridge, 894.42 ft. to location corner No. 15 of this survey, identical with corner No. 1 Log Cabin Claim No. 6 unsurveyed, this location corner being an iron pipe 4 ft. long, 3 inches in diameter, marked 15-S-701;

Thence west, var. 30 deg. 00 min. E. 3478.81 ft. to corner No. 1, the place of beginning. The area embraced within the exterior boundaries of said survey of the Log Cabin No. 2 Placer is 157.699 acres.

Claims adjoining said Log Cabin No. 2 Placer claim areas follows: On the north, Log Cabin No. 7, survey No. 542 and Log Cabin Claim No. 7, unsurveyed; on the east, Log Cabin Claim No. 6, unsurveyed; on the south, Log Cabin Claim No. 6, unsurveyed; on the west, Shakan Bay.

The notice of location of said Log Cabin No. 2 Placer claim is recorded in Vol. III of Mines at page 217 of the Records of Ketchikan Recording District No. 8.

Any and all persons claiming adversely any portion of the lands embraced within the exterior boundaries of said Log Cabin No. 2 Placer claim as surveyed and platted, are required to file an adverse claim with the Register of said land office during the period of publication of this notice and in a court of competent jurisdiction within thirty days after the expiration of said period. Otherwise proof and entry of said lands will be made by the applicant.

JOHN W. DUDLEY, Register.

It is hereby ordered that the foregoing notice be published for the full statutory period in the ALASKA SENTINEL, a weekly newspaper published at Wrangell, Alaska, which is hereby designated as the newspaper published nearest the land described.

JOHN W. DUDLEY, Register.

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